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Judge

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FOUND!

THE LOST COMBINATION.

Judge

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WAVES.

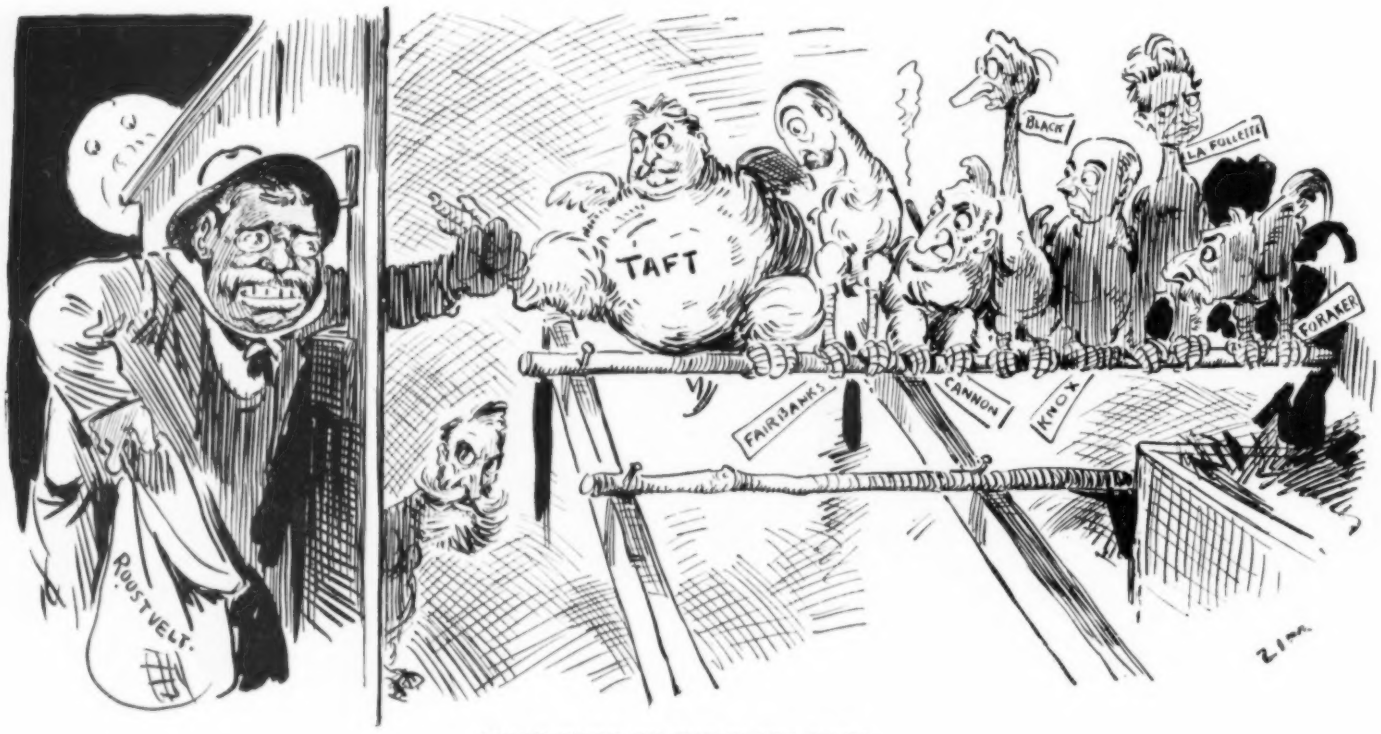
EVEN the most reluctant intellect will admit that a wave of prohibition sentiment is sweeping over the states. What its power may be is a matter of conjecture, but there are many who believe that it will reach New York before its force is spent. What causes such a wave? It is not due alone to any propaganda undertaken by the W. C. T. U. and kindred organizations. They have done concerted work before, with no such result. No, it is "something in the air"—the same something which communicates panics and revivals, and leads even the most practical pyschologists nowadays to believe that mind can communicate with mind, independent of the reasoning power, through mediums that we wot not of. Everyone admits that there is truth at the bottom of the Christian Science well; perhaps there may be some grains of truth underlying the silly business of the table-rapping, spiritualistic crowd. JUDGE is not yet converted to mind-reading and spiritualism, but he is not bigoted—his mind is open. And he is frequently amazed by the phenomena of several different contributors sending from different parts of the country at one and the same time the same identical joke, in each case marked "original." Since it is, of course, out of the question that these contributors could have copied it from a common source, there only remains some mysterious psychic explanation!

A NEW WAY TO PAY OUR CONGRESSMEN.

IT was estimated the other day in the House of Representatives that Congress costs the United States $150 a minute. Mr. Kustermann, of Wisconsin, who made this estimate, reckoned that John Wesley Gaines was using up at that particular time, $4,500 of the people's money. This gives rise in our minds to a proposition that, if practicable, should meet with unanimous approval in the country at large. Most of our representatives who make speeches lasting for an hour or more are not talking merely because they have something to say, but to produce an effect in their home districts. Frequently they turn on a stream of eloquence and forget all about it, leaving it running, while the constructive parts of their brains are busied over other matters. The underlying cause of this is, as we have said, a desire to impress the home district. No one else benefits except the fount of eloquence himself, who must experience physical relief when he has rid his system of such a speech. Let us pass a law that the country at large shall foot the bills for all eloquence flowing unintermittently up to thirty minutes; that for every minute thereafter the cost be assessed in equal shares upon the speaker and upon his home district; or, in other words, upon the barrel and the spigot. If necessary a meter should be attached to habitual offenders.

* * *

JUDGE'S first limerick contest, calling for reasons for the election of Governor Hughes to the presidency, has resulted in an overwhelming number of replies. It has been impossible to make a satisfactory choice of the best. No matter which one might be determined upon as the prize winner, there were always others just as good in many ways. JUDGE has had, therefore, to take into consideration the date of receipt of the answer as well as the sense and the workmanship.



MORE WORK BY THE BLACK HAND.

HIS HEINOUS CRIME.

THE WORDS of pleading died upon his tongue—
The husband sat, with shame upon his face—
His pitiful excuses ceased among
The shafts of scorn she aimed at his disgrace.

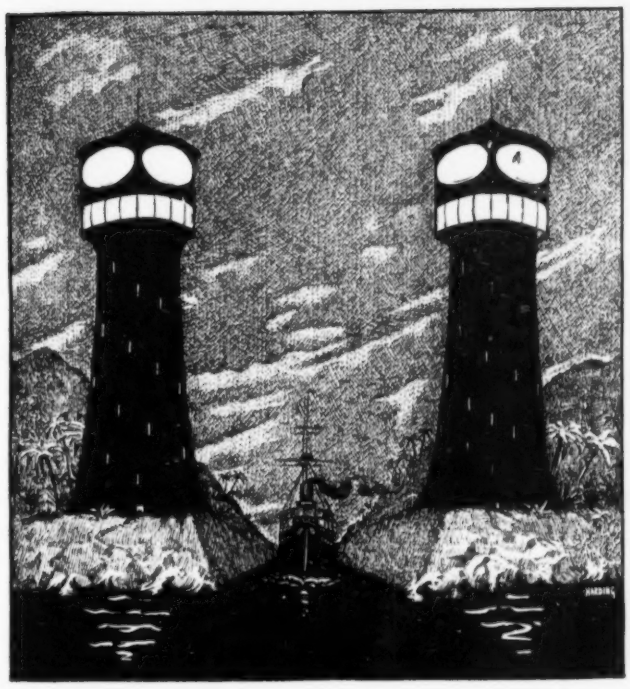
He loved her, and had failed. She loved, and yet
Could not forbear reproaches; and her brow
Was dark, but last she said, "*I* don't forget;
Give me the letter—*I* will post it *now*."

H. S. F.

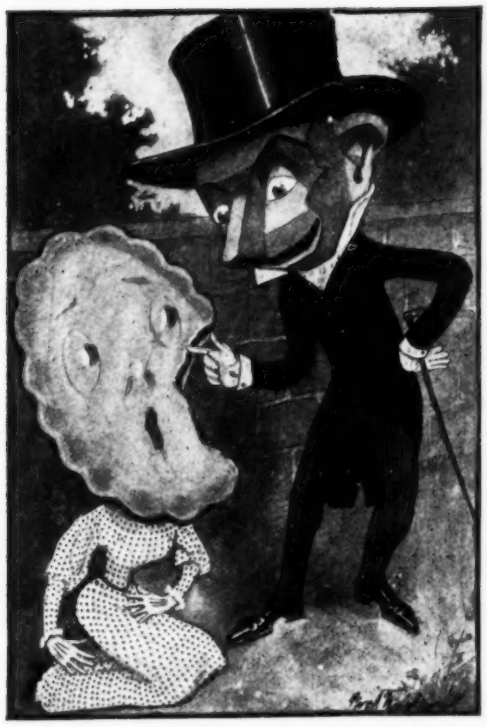
CHEAPER SUPPORT.

Ephraim Washington—"Parson Brown has opened an intelligence office. He done get you a job fur two dollars."

Andrew Jackson—"Ah's not gwine to take a job fur two dollars. Ah can get married fur one."



JUDGE'S SUGGESTION FOR A LIGHTING ARRANGEMENT AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE PANAMA CANAL.



A pie-face met a blockhead once.
Said she, "I'm sweet, they say."
He took a bite, then said, "I like
Your cheek and crusty way."

TRICKED OF THE TIME.

A PHILADELPHIA lawyer, who spends most of his time at his country estate, employs a sturdy Irish gardener whose one desire in life is to live until the banner of freedom is unfurled over Ireland.

One evening the lawyer strolled through the grounds of his place and stopped to have a chat with the gardener.

"Michael, do you know that while we are here enjoying the beautiful twilight it is dark midnight in Ireland?" he asked.

"Faith, an' O'm not surprised," replied the gardener. "Ireland niver got justice yit."

THE WRONG ONE.

MR. GUNSON took two cigars from his pocket, carefully selected one and handed the other to his guest.

"Fine cigars," he remarked, striking a match. "Two for a quarter."

The guest puffed a light into his cigar and blew a cloud of smoke into the air.

"Two for a quarter?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Mr. Gunson proudly.

"Sorry I didn't get the twenty-cent one," remarked the guest sadly.

BEHIND THE TIMES.

First little girl—"Have you been operated on yet?"

Second little girl—"No. Mother says I am very backward for my age."

THE OPTIMIST STATES HIS CASE.

WITH loud acclaim they greet the spring
As some long looked for guerdon,
And cry down winter for a thing
That makes to be a burden.
It's out upon the cheerless ways
Through which her wiles compel us!
And during all her darksome days
We have been dead, they tell us.
In spite of all their fume and fret
I never died a winter yet!

The Smiths go South—Palm Beach, I think—
The Millers to Mentone.
I'd rather stay at home and drink
The health of some old crony.
They say my very life's at stake,
I'll wreck my constitution,
But I don't see in each small ache
A sign of dissolution.
In spite of frost and wind and wet
I never died a winter yet!

My good wife pins my muffler on
And sets out my galoshes;
It snows—an ulster I must don,
All wasted, "Pshaws!" and "Boshes!"
"You are not strong, you know," says she.
"You must keep off the ague,
Or else *next* winter you will be
Where no more ills will plague you!"
But spite of chills and Polliette
I never died a winter yet!

EDWARD W. BARNARD.

SKATING ON THIN ICE.

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

CHARLOTTE WALKER IN "THE WARRENS OF VIRGINIA."

I sit and wonder, from the start,
So skillfully she plays her part,
Just what is art and what is heart

DRIVEN TO IT.

The hostess—"Come! I want you to meet the intrepid explorer, who, scorning his own life, made the recent brave dash for the pole."

The guest—"Thanks! I've just been cooped up in a corner with his wife, and I want to say right now, I don't blame him."

MIGHT RETURN EVEN NOW.

Jones (watching the funeral procession)—"Rather hard to lose that rich old uncle of yours after all, isn't it?"

Stone (nervously)—"Yes, yes; almost impossible."

THE TWO LOVE.

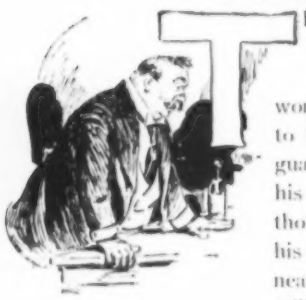
CIGARETTE SPIRIT—"If thou truly lovest me as well as thou lovest that human sweetheart of thine, then kiss her, with my breath still upon your lips."

FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

"I UNDERSTAND the new currency law will be simple."

"What else could it be with the crowd of men that are going to make it?"

A PROLIFIC FAMILY.



THE story is told around Denver that when Colonel Dick Mullins landed in France he didn't know one French word from another. Indeed, he seemed to think there wasn't any French language at all, and blithely butted in with his questions in his own tongue, as though that were universal. Sitting in his train at Havre he saw a policeman near by, and thinking he might be some military notable asked a Frenchman next to him who it was.

"*Gendarme*," responded the polite Gaul, guessing at the question from the colonel's nod.

At one or two other stations the same question brought the same answer. In Paris one hurried through the café where the colonel was sipping his coffee like a true Parisian, and he asked the waiter who it was.

"*Gendarme*," replied the waiter, smiling at the rich American.

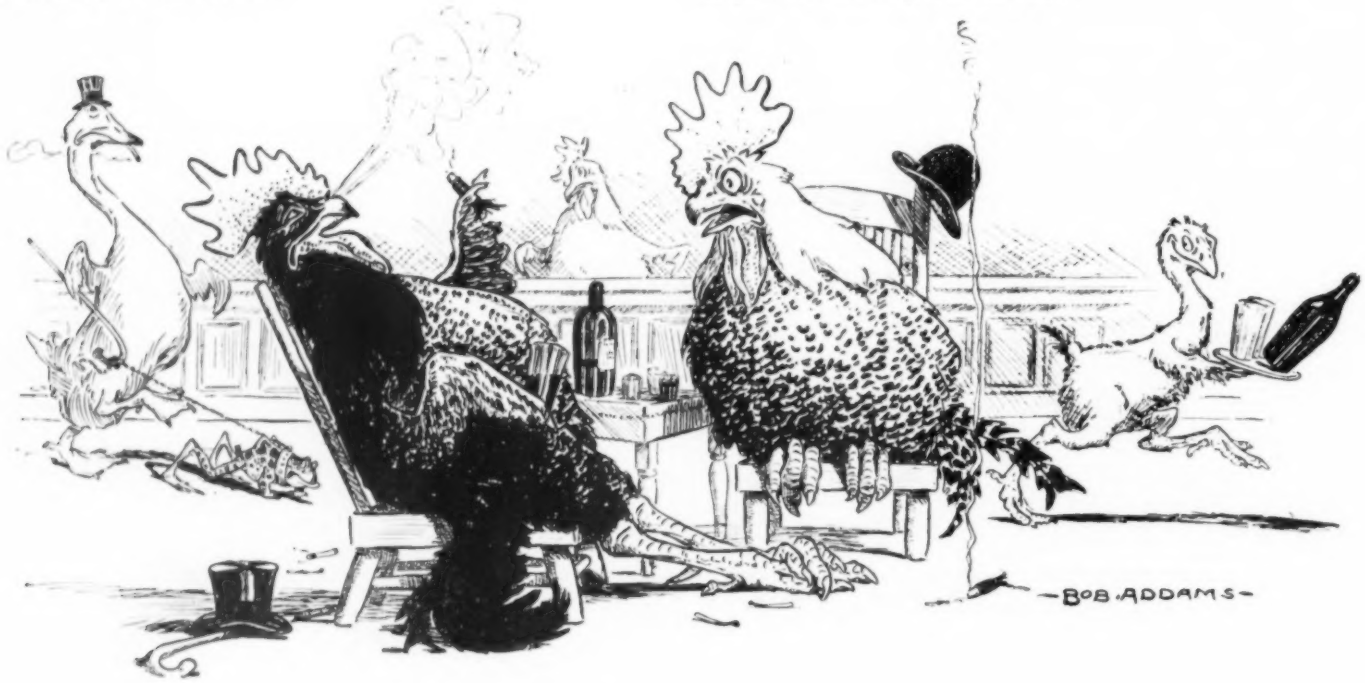
Late at night, on his way to his hotel, the colonel met one face to face.

"Excuse me," he said to the guardian of the peace, "are you John Darm?"

The guardian caught the name well enough to know the answer.

"*Oui, oui, m'sieur*," he replied, "*gendarme*."

"I thought so," said the colonel, "and I want to say to you," he added, tapping the man on the breast in a friendly fashion, "that the John Darm family seems to be about as well represented in France as the John Smith family is in America."



DANGEROUS TIMES, THESE.

"No, sir; I won't allow my wife to set until Lent is safely over. She might hatch out a litter of those absurd Easter rabbits."

King Cupid has not lost his rank,
Nor all Earth's fires grown cold!
For she who follows not her heart
Must still be eyed as one apart—
A bargain, bought and sold. B. J.

EVOLUTION.

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty milkman
And the grocer grand.

HOW JONES ECONOMIZED

"How much is milk a quart?"
"Twelve cents."
"Give me a pint. I am economizing."

ALLOWANCES TO THE SEX.

"It is quite evident to me that you exceeded the speed-limit. I therefore fine you twenty-five dollars, and your companions, out of deference to their sex, twenty-four dollars and ninety-eight cents each."

2

"How much is prime beef a pound?"
"Thirty cents."
"Give me half a pound. I want to let my wife see how she could economize."

A DIFFERENCE.

AN enterprising gentleman of the breezy West, who superintends the railroad eating house in his town, has recently hung out a sign that furnishes considerable amusement to those who pass by. It reads

Pies like mother used to make..... 5 cents
Pies like mother used to try to make.. 10 cents

APPROPRIATE NAMES FOR TWINS.

KATE and Duplicate
Barry and Barrymore.
Max and Climax.
John and Demijohn.
Ann and Another.
Peter and Repeater.
Al and Dual.
Effie and Effigy.
Ben and Ben Her.
May and Major.
Minnie and Minimum.
Ed and Co-ed.

She—"I missed you on the ice to-day."
He—"Did you hit every one else?"

FORCE OF HABIT.

"CLOSE shave, sir?"
No response.
"Would you prefer the window closed?"
No response.
"Getting rather cold, eh?"
No response.
"Trim your mustache, sir?"
No response.
"Think Roosevelt will accept a third term?"
No response.
"Bay-rum?"
No response.
"Any news about the murder trial?"
No response.

Whereupon the country barber, who was alone in his shop, took a seat greatly refreshed.

He had been shaving himself!

WALTER PULITZER.

AT THE GRAND OPERA.

Inquisitive nephew—"Uncle, what's that hole in the curtain for?"

Bored uncle—"Hush, child; that's put there so the actors can see the show."

3

"What's the price of coal?"
"Seven dollars a ton."
"Send me half a ton. This is an economical winter."

4

"This was certainly a great scheme. I'll show my wife some real little economies."

5

"De Lawd hab sent yo' twins, mahster!"

A HAVEN OF REFUGE.

"Hurry up, den, an' we'll wait fer yer under dis big hat. It looks like rain."

A VALENTINE'S DAY IDYL.

Scene—General delivery window, any post-office. Dark-complexioned queen outside of window; polite clerk in background.

"YO' DUN got any letters an' passels fo' me?"

"What name, please?"

"Miss Morton, sah."

"What's your first name?"

"I don't 'spect dat's none ob your business; but it's Miss Matilda Jane Lucy."

"No letters for anybody of that name."

"I don't 'spect no letters, sah. I want a bundle, sah; a bundle I sent cl'ar to Chicago fo', sah, wid money inside de letter, sah."

"Ah! Sure you put a two-cent stamp on the letter properly?"

"No, sah! Didn't put no two-cent stamp on no letter. Man at de drug store only has one-cent stamps, and he giv me two ob dem one-cent stamps instead."

"That was right. Where did you mail this letter?"

"I didn't mail no letter. Cotched up wid de postman and giv him dat letter, I did, and he put it in his bag and maybe forgit it; look in dat bag and maybe you find my letter all forgot. Or, like as not, dat fool post-carrier frow my letter away."

"Oh, no! He wouldn't do anything like that. He's under heavy bonds, you know, not to."

"What's dat he's under?"

"Why, he wouldn't throw anybody's letter away. He'd have to pay a big forfeit if he did."

"Pay a forfeit! Dat's kissing games, ain't it? Don't have no white-trash letter mans kissing dis chile."

"No, no! I don't mean that kind of a forfeit. He would have to pay a fine; but no postman ever throws a letter away unless he's a very bad postman indeed, and then he loses his job. Is this box yours?"

"Land sakes! Why didn't you say so in de fust place?"

"Just found it. It's a fine large box; bet there's a nice valentine inside."

"G'wan, white folks! 'Tain't no valentine in dat box. It's a porous plaster what I sent c'lar to Chicago for." JACK ROBINSON.

INDISCRIMINATE.

A YOUNG girl whom they called Arabeller
Was exceedingly mushy and meller.
She delighted to spoon
By the light of the moon,
And she didn't care who was the feller.

HE TOLD THE TRUTH.

Judge—"You have been sworn, sir. It behooves you to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

Lawyer (to client who has seated himself in the witness chair)—"Did you present your bill to the defendant for payment?"

Client—"I did."

Lawyer—"And what did the defendant say?"

Client—"He told me to go to the devil!"

Lawyer—"Then what did you do?"

Client—"I went to you!"

Chapped Skin

The soothing, healing and nourishing properties of pine-tar, glycerine and sweet vegetable oils, as combined in

Packer's Tar Soap

make it invaluable for chapped, chafed or irritated skin. Its routine use not only protects, but softens, whitens and fortifies.

THE PACKER MFG. CO., NEW YORK

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NOW A SIN

A SING.

SERENADE ON SAINT VALENTINE'S EVE.

ERE the twilight died away,
Cupid murmured o'er me,
"What thou dare not tell by day,
Night may whisper for thee!"
Sweet thy slumber, sweetheart mine,
I'd not cause thy waking,
If of one brief dream of thine
I but had the making!

Softly sleep, slumber deep;
God of dreams his vigil keep.
If, among his train, dream-laden,
Sweetest dream find sweetest maiden,
Swift a-wing, it would bring
Smiles to thee, a-slumbering!

Night draws round me like a shroud,
All the world 's in hiding;
O'er me, through yon gloomy cloud,
Swift the moon is gliding.
If thou wake not, I entreat
By yon star above thee,
That the dream-god tell thee, sweet,
Half of how I love thee!

Softly sleep, slumber deep;
God of dreams his vigil keep.
Dream-stars, watching o'er thy slumber,
Sing of love in countless number,
Till their song, sweet and strong,
Lingers with thee, all day long!

Clouds have hid each gleaming star,
Darkness draws about me;
Darker, sadder, drearer far
Were my world without thee.
Lo! the last faint beams depart,
While my love lies dreaming;
Night is never in my heart
Where thy face is beaming.

Softly sleep, slumber deep;
God of dreams his vigil keep.
While the stars, that twinkle o'er thee,
Fading, fading out before thee,
Never shine, sweetheart mine,
Half so bright as eyes of thine!

BURGES JOHNSON.

COOK TOURIST.

Mrs. Subbs—"Going to leave? Dear me! Doesn't a cook ever stay any longer than a week in one place?"

Norah Gonigan—"I suppose, occasionally, wan iv our guild gits in a rut!"

AN HEIRESS.

"YOU say you wish to marry my daughter. But she is only a mere school-girl as yet."

Count Nocash—"I understand that, sir. I came early to avoid the rush."

SOUNDED LIKE IT.

Mrs. de Style (listening to daughter practicing on piano)—"Shure, Patrick, music is the food of love."

De Style—"Food, is it? Thin thot must be steak Mary's pound-in' on the pianny."

A TUG OF WAR.

THE boots my father wore were nines, and always shone with grease—
I think they must, at very least, have weighed ten pounds apiece.
The tops were spacious, rather lopped, occasioned by, perchance,
The fact that they were worn outside the legs of father's pants.
And though, as I have given hint, he greased them well and oft,
The leather proved perverse in growing pliable or soft.
So, every morn he'd pull the straps, stamp viciously the floor.
Ah me, those wrinkled cowhide boots—the kind our fathers wore.

Of even temperament was he at ordinary times,
A man who thought blasphemous speech the very worst of crimes.
A prim old deacon in the church, a father to my mind
The very best, a husband most considerate and kind.
Yet, oftentimes on frosty morns in winter I, in bed,
Would listen awed and spellbound with commingled shame and dread
Lest into sin with stockinged feet he'd slip, so near he swore
At those old wrinkled cowhide boots—the boots my father wore.

Each night he'd take his bootjack down, a notched affair most rude,
With one foot planted on its base he'd strike strange attitude
Of bowed-down martyrdom the while he tugged and tugged to strip
From freedom-seeking foot a thing that clung with sullen grip.
Depression o'er the household reigned, gay speech was wholly lost
Until we'd hear the thuds when father, conquering, had tossed
What seemed to us twin ogres in the corner, on the floor,
That have to-day no counterparts—the boots my father wore.

ROY FARRELL GREENE.

FAILED TO RESPOND.

"Is that Miss Vandergilt crossing the street, or am I so short-sighted that I made a mistake?"

"No; but she was so far-sighted she saw you in time."

NOT A BLOW.

Wife—"Was the chauffeur sad because you discharged him?"

Husband—"Oh, no. He said while he was with me he spent most of his time in jail, anyway."

DEFINING IT.

DENNIS—"Goin' t' shpend th' wake-end at Callahan's, are yez? An' phwat do yez call th' wake-end?"

TERENCE—"Shure, thot's Sathurday noight frum th' toime yez dhraw yure pay till th' saloons close."

POLICE IGNORANCE.

THE man was inebriated. The policeman who relieved the lamp-post of him needed no messenger from heaven to tell him that.

"What are you doing here?" inquired the cop, shaking him. "Waiting for a car?"

"Course not," replied the inebriate, in evident surprise.

"Well, you 'd better be going home before something happens to you."

The man straightened as nearly as possible under the circumstances, and looked at the official.

"Are you a married man?" he inquired.

"Sure, am I that. Wife and five children," was the proud reply.

The inebriate took another hitch at himself and looked at the policeman most indignantly.

"Y' are, are you?" he said scornfully. "Well, y' ought to know better'n to tell me t'go home. J'ou think my wife'll stand fer me in thish fix? You take me to safe place, thatsh what you do."

Which the policeman did, much abashed.

BETTER AT COLLABORATION.

The widow (after selecting headstone)—"Poor Henry always took great interest an' pleasure in these here comic eppytaps. P'raps if you could think up one uv them you might put it on the stone."

The dealer—"I ain't very lit'ry, ma'am, but I've had a little experience in lim'rick contests, so if you'll compose part o' the verse, I guess I could fill in a missin' line er two."

Good *and* Good *for* You

The goodness of Schlitz is due to materials; to the barley, the hops, the yeast and the water. And to the skill of the brewer.

All that money and skill and care can accomplish is done to make Schlitz beer good.

But greater than goodness is absolute purity. That is the rarest quality in beer, the most important and the most expensive.

We double the necessary cost of our brewing in order that Schlitz beer shall be pure.

The best of materials help to make the beer good. But purity does more. It makes Schlitz beer good for you.

Schlitz

Ask for the Brewery Bottling. See that the cork or crown is branded Schlitz.

The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS

Celebrated Appetizer of Exquisite Flavor

DR. SIEGERT'S The Only Genuine

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES

Originated 1824

The Truth

Can be told about

Great Western Champagne

—the Standard of American Wines

There is nothing to conceal in its production. It is Pure Grape Juice, fermented and aged to exact perfection for healthfulness, possessing the bouquet and flavor that connoisseurs desire.

"Of the six American Champagnes exhibited at the Paris exposition of 1900, the GREAT WESTERN was the only one that received a GOLD MEDAL."

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SANTAL CAPSULES MIDY

Each capsule bears the name MIDY

Beware of counterfeits.

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COOK REMEDY CO.,

1400-55 State St., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

THE ROAD HOG.

His eyes are ablaze with a furious gaze
  At his blinded and helpless prey;
His lingering breath is the track of the death
  That he scatters along his way;
His menacing snort is as deep and short
  As the bay of a savage hound,
His ominous growl, like a jungle a-prowl,
  Makes many a scared heart bound.

With etiquette fine as the manners of swine,
  He sticks to his hogskin seat,
His treacherous tires and his petulant fires
  At ever-increasing heat;
A tyrant he in a land so free
  That nobody says him nay.
A masked ghoul with a drawn-steel soul,
  He scatters the babes at play.

The hedges to him are but things to trim,
  The highways are fields to plough,
The yokel and clown in his way go down,
  He is lord of the country now;
Ten score of him with unbridled whim
  The highway may hold in thrall,
And a score of millions, pallid and still,
  May let him devour it all.

There's a might of right for the man who'll fight,
  And a law avenging wrong;
One rebel to ten score gentlemen
  Or more, in the motor throng;
Yet, granting the scorchers are but swine
  However I may deplore them,
This lyric line is a shade too fine;
  I am casting pearls before them!

—*London Chronicle.*

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children. 25c. a bottle.

HIS MASTER'S VOICE.

Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery, the noted woman suffrage leader, was talking about divorce.

"Ill temper is at the root of divorce," Mrs. Avery said. "Men and women are not so vicious as some people think. Impatience causes more divorce than immorality.

"When I was living in Pittsburg I called one day on a certain married woman.

"At dinner time my hostess rang for the maid. She said:

"'Mary, is that Mr. Brown down stairs. I thought I heard him just now.'

"'No'm,' Mary answered; 'that was the dawg what wuz growlin'.'"—*Philadelphia Record.*

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding, or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

MUCH DEPENDS WHERE.

Family Friend—"I saw Jones with such a flush to-day."

Poker Friend—"In his face or his hand?"—*Baltimore American.*

ARE THERE ANY MORE LIKE THAT?

"That fellow Busby never seems to have anything to do."

"He's very busy now, he tells me."

"Eh! What's he doing?"

"Getting the right of way for a wireless telephone company."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

WISE, INDEED.

A Michigan judge has wisely announced that "a sausage is sausage." Truly, they have Solomons out in Michigan.—*Baltimore American.*

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"I came within an ace of winning that trick."

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"The other fellow had the ace."—*Baltimore American.*

BOTANICAL TANTALIZATION.

"No, I'm not very well impressed with the house," said the prospective tenant. "The yard is frightfully small; there's hardly room for a single flower bed."

"Think so?" replied the agent; "but—er—mightn't you use folding flower beds?"—*Philadelphia Press.*

By Arthur E. Jameson.

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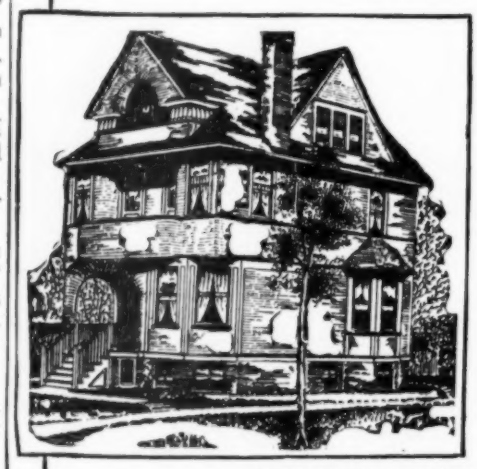

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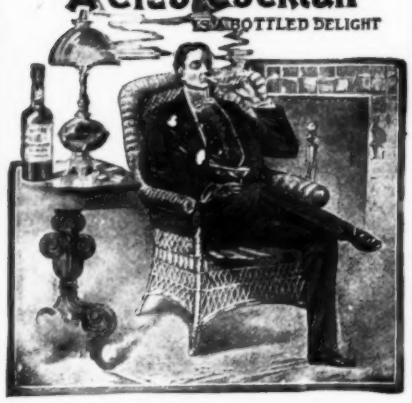

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Colonel H. W. J. Ham said that among the funniest things a lecturer hears are some of the introductions he gets. He gave this as a sample of one evidently intended to keep the lecturer from thinking too much of himself:

"Ladies and gentlemen, as is well known to you, our lecture course this year is not quite so extensive as it was last season. The fact is that we went into the lecture course a little too steep last year, and lost considerable money. To avoid anything of that kind his year, we are to have a shorter course and much cheaper speakers, the first of whom I now have the felicity of presenting to you."—*Lycemite and Talent.*

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"I will publish my book, and all my friends who admire it so much will buy my book, and I will be rich."

So he printed his book.

And all of his friends waited for him to send them autographed copies of his book.

And so his books were sold as junk.

And ever after he didn't have any friends.—*Success.*

Cocktail! Remember, never at its best without Abbott's Bitters.

SCIENTIFIC.

"When I accepted Emil he declared he was in the seventh heaven."

"I believe that all right. He's been engaged six times before!"—*Transatlantic Tales.*

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ROUGH ON THE LAWYER.

This was one of Colonel H. W. J. Ham's characteristic negro stories. He does not say whether or not he was the unfortunate lawyer concerned, but anyhow, a negro employed a brilliant young limb of the law to defend him on a charge of hog-stealing. The lawyer prepared the case with great care, indulging in visions of the reputation he would make by his brilliant defense of his client. When the negro was arraigned the court asked: "Are you the defendant in this case?"

"No, sah," said the negro, pointing to the lawyer; "dat gemman over dah's de defendant. I's de nigger whut stole de hogs."—*Lycemite and Talent.*

PERPLEXITY OF A BEGINNER.

Adam meditated gloomily.

"I am the first man, all right," he remarked, "but don't know which band wagon to pick."

Thus his title went, as it were, by default.—N. Y. *Sun.*

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By F. Y. Cory.

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UNREQUITED LOVE

They say the
Baby's clinging love
Is likened best
To heaven above.

Of heaven's delights
I have a doubt;
I'd say, off-hand,
To cut it out.

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"Maude was afraid the girls wouldn't notice her engagement ring."

"Did they?"

"Did they! Six of them recognized it at once."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

FOXY.

"I'll foil them yet!" the hare exclaimed.
(The hounds were at his back.)
He donned a pair of rubber boots,
And thus erased his track.
—*Yale Record.*

SIMILAR EFFECTS.

Knicker—"Is he in the hospital?"

Bocker—"Yes; but I don't know whether he rode a horse in an army test or the goat at the lodge."—*New York Sun.*

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¶ Do you ever make investments in Wall Street securities? Do you ever buy or sell stocks or bonds? If so, do not fail to read "Jasper's Hints to Money-makers" every week in "Leslie's Weekly," in which questions regarding stocks and bonds are honestly and conservatively answered, and hints given as to the outlook in the stock market from week to week. This is the most reliable financial department published in the United States, and thousands have testified in writing that it has either made or saved them money.

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GOT THE WRONG DOOR.

They were newly married and on a honeymoon trip. They put up at a sky-scraper hotel. The bridegroom felt indisposed, and the bride said she would slip out and do a little shopping. In due time she returned and tripped blithely up to her room, and a little awed by the number of doors that looked alike. But she was sure of her own and tapped gently on the panel.

"I'm back, honey; let me in!" she whispered.

No answer.

"Honey, honey, let me in!" she called again, rapping louder. Still no answer.

"Honey, honey, it's Alice. Let me in," she whispered.

There was a silence and still no answer after several seconds. Then a man's voice, cold and full of dignity, came from the other side of the door.

"Madam, this is not a beehive; it's a bathroom."—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

CLERGYMEN TAKE NOTICE.

A suburban minister during his discourse one Sabbath morning said: "In each blade of grass there is a sermon." The following day one of his flock discovered the good man pushing a lawn mower about his garden and paused to say: "Well, parson, I'm glad to see you engaged in cutting your sermons short."—*The Standard.*

MUSICAL CONFUSION.

"What did you think of the opera?"

"I'm not quite clear about it," answered Mr. Cumrox. "I can't make up my mind whether I couldn't appreciate it because I had a headache or whether I got a headache trying to appreciate it."—*Washington Star.*

By James Montgomery Flagg

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The Hughes Limerick Contest

as announced in JUDGE for January 18th

First prize is awarded to C. W. Botkin, Cleveland, O., for the following limerick:

For President, Charles Evans Hughes
Is the man for our calm, sober views.
North, South, East and West,
All would deem him the best;
That's why he should fill Teddy's shoes.
C. W. Botkin, Cleveland, O.

The five next prizes are awarded as follows:

For President, Charles Evans Hughes,
For he's just the man to diffuse
A confident feeling
That no one is stealing;
That's why he should fill Teddy's shoes.
G. V. Argabright, Red Cloud, Neb.

For President, Charles Evans Hughes!
By fate he'll receive his just dues.
"Judge" says he's O. K.,
And we all say "Hooray!"
That's why he should fill Teddy's shoes.
Calvin M. King, Pittsburgh, Pa.

For President, Charles Evans Hughes;
On this man all factions can fuse.
In reforms he is great,
With a knowledge of State;
That's why he should fill Teddy's shoes.
C. S. Scott, Phoenix, Ariz.

For President, Charles Evans Hughes;
The others have all got the blues.
For the boy with the beard
Ain't the kind that gets skeered,
That's why he should fill Teddy's shoes.
Frederick Schenck, Cambridge, Mass.

For President, Charles Evans Hughes,
The man who can't possibly lose.
At weeding out graft
He weighs more than Taft;
That's why he should fill Teddy's shoes.
Thos. Gamon, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.

Honorable mention is awarded to these additional limericks:

For President, Charles Evans Hughes;
He's the man who lighted the fuse
Which stirred up the nation
With investigation;
That's why he should fill Teddy's shoes.
S. W. Bunting, Media, Pa.

For President, Charles Evans Hughes,
Vouldn't he make a hit mit the Jews?
See the money he saves—
Nefer has to buy shaves;
That's why he should fill Teddy's shoes.
Verne W. Tucker, Detroit, Mich.

"For President, Charles Evans Hughes,"
Is a headline you'll see in the news,
Though he's never been beat
He's great in "de feet";
That's why he should fill Teddy's shoes.
F. W. Shaefer, Cleveland, O.

They Need Filling:
For President, Charles Evans Hughes,
Chicago's convention will choose;
No infallible saint—
All that "Ted" is "Charles" ain't;
That's why he should fill Teddy's shoes.
J. A. Goerdeler, Charlottesville, Va.

For President, Charles Evans Hughes,
Whose ambition no one misconstrues;
We think he's too great
Just to govern 'York State;
That's why he should fill Teddy's shoes.
Chas. E. Line, Chicago, Ill.

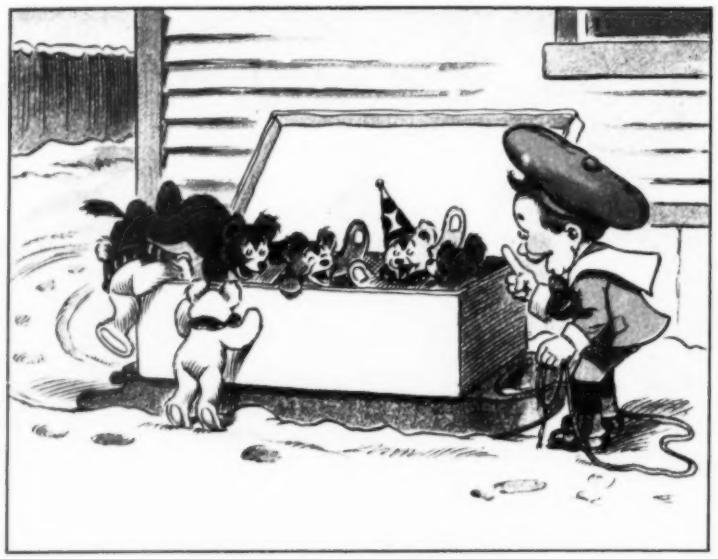
JUDGE wishes to call the attention of competitors in our later Limerick Contests to the fact that the competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind; prospective contestants need not be subscribers to JUDGE in order to be entitled to compete for the prizes offered.

Judge

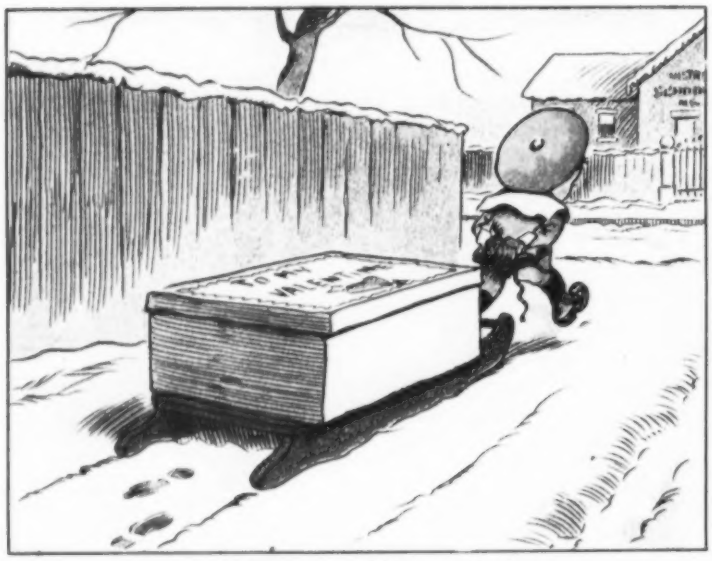
LITTLE JOHNNY AND THE TEDDY BEARS.

JOHN HAS REASON TO REPINE BECAUSE HE SENT A VALENTINE.

1. Said Johnny, "I've a lovely plan
To fool my teacher if I can.
I'll send this pretty box to her—
I bet it's sure to make a stir!"



2. He packed the Teddies tight inside
And bade them lie there still, and hide,
Until the proper moment came,
Then they could get into the game.



3. So Johnny wagged his merry head
And put the box upon his sled,
Then started forward on a run,
For school had long ago begun.

4. "You darling boy" the teacher cried,
"What lovely thing can be inside!
It is so sweet of any boy
To plan to give his teacher joy!"

5. She raised the cover of the box
And bears leaped out in herds and flocks,
They seemed to number forty score,
And squeaked and growled around the floor.

6. It may be fun to play a prank,
Upon some teacher who's a crank,
But every recess John stays in
And meditates upon his sin.

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